

# Beowulf

## XXXVIII

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### Note.

In the text of, fitts (or sections) XXIX and XXX are unlabeled, but there is no missing text.

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**I HAVE** heard that swiftly the son of Weohstan  
at wish and word of his wounded king, --  
war-sick warrior, -- woven mail-coat,  
battle-sark, bore 'neath the barrow's roof.  
Then the clansman keen, of conquest proud,  
passing the seat, [footnote 1] saw store of jewels  
and glistening gold the ground along;  
by the wall were marvels, and many a vessel  
in the den of the dragon, the dawn-flier old:  
unburnished bowls of bygone men  
reft of richness; rusty helms  
of the olden age; and arm-rings many  
wondrously woven. -- Such wealth of gold,  
booty from barrow, can burden with pride  
each human wight: let him hide it who will! --  
His glance too fell on a gold-weave banner  
high o'er the hoard, of handiwork noblest,  
brilliantly brodered; so bright its gleam,  
all the earth-floor he easily saw  
and viewed all these vessels. No vestige now  
was seen of the serpent: the sword had ta'en him.

Then, I heard, the hill of its hoard was reft,  
old work of giants, by one alone;  
he burdened his bosom with beakers and plate  
at his own good will, and the ensign took,  
brightest of beacons. -- The blade of his lord  
-- its edge was iron -- had injured deep  
one that guarded the golden hoard  
many a year and its murder-fire  
spread hot round the barrow in horror-billows  
at midnight hour, till it met its doom.  
Hasted the herald, the hoard so spurred him  
his track to retrace; he was troubled by doubt,  
high-souled hero, if haply he'd find  
alive, where he left him, the lord of Weders,  
weakening fast by the wall of the cave.  
So he carried the load. His lord and king  
he found all bleeding, famous chief

at the lapse of life. The liegeman again  
plashed him with water, till point of word  
broke through the breast-hoard. Beowulf spake,  
sage and sad, as he stared at the gold. --  
"For the gold and treasure, to God my thanks,  
to the Wielder-of-Wonders, with words I say,  
for what I behold, to Heaven's Lord,  
for the grace that I give such gifts to my folk  
or ever the day of my death be run!  
Now I've bartered here for booty of treasure  
the last of my life, so look ye well  
to the needs of my land! No longer I tarry.  
A barrow bid ye the battle-fanned raise  
for my ashes. 'Twill shine by the shore of the flood,  
to folk of mine memorial fair  
on Hrones Headland high uplifted,  
that ocean-wanderers oft may hail  
Beowulf's Barrow, as back from far  
they drive their keels o'er the darkling wave."

From his neck he unclasped the collar of gold,  
valorous king, to his vassal gave it  
with bright-gold helmet, breastplate, and ring,  
to the youthful thane: bade him use them in joy.

"Thou art end and remnant of all our race  
the Waegmunding name. For Wyrð hath swept them,  
all my line, to the land of doom,  
earls in their glory: I after them go."

This word was the last which the wise old man  
harbored in heart ere hot death-waves  
of balefire he chose. From his bosom fled  
his soul to seek the saints' reward.

#### **Footnotes.**

**1.**

Where Beowulf lay.